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THE
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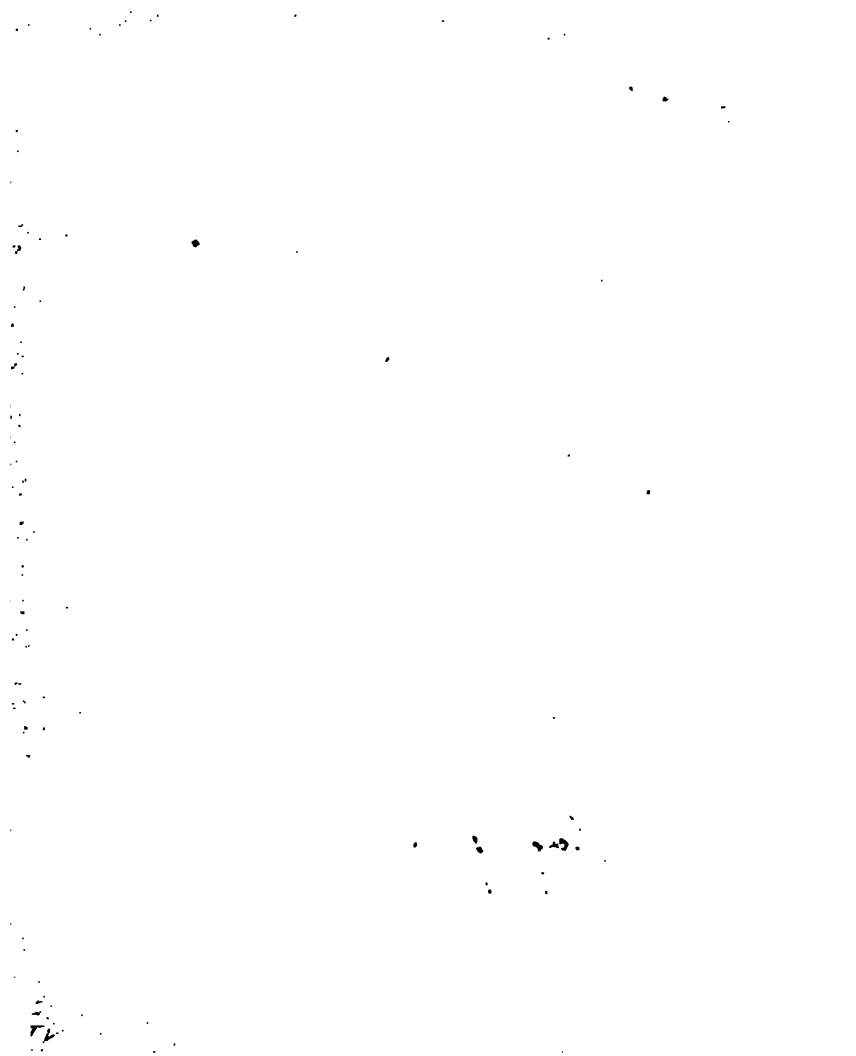
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OF THE

ROSE-
GARDEN



W.T.A. BARBER. M.A.





Wesleyan Methodist
JUVENILE
Foreign Missionary Society.

Presented to

Maud Richards

in recognition of her services as a
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Joseph W. Watson Secretary.

July 189 *7*

THE
LANDS OF THE RISING SUN.

A Talk with
ENGLISH BOYS AND GIRLS
ABOUT
CHINA, COREA and JAPAN.

BY
Rev. W. T. A. BARBER, M.A.

London:
CHARLES H. KELLY, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.;
AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
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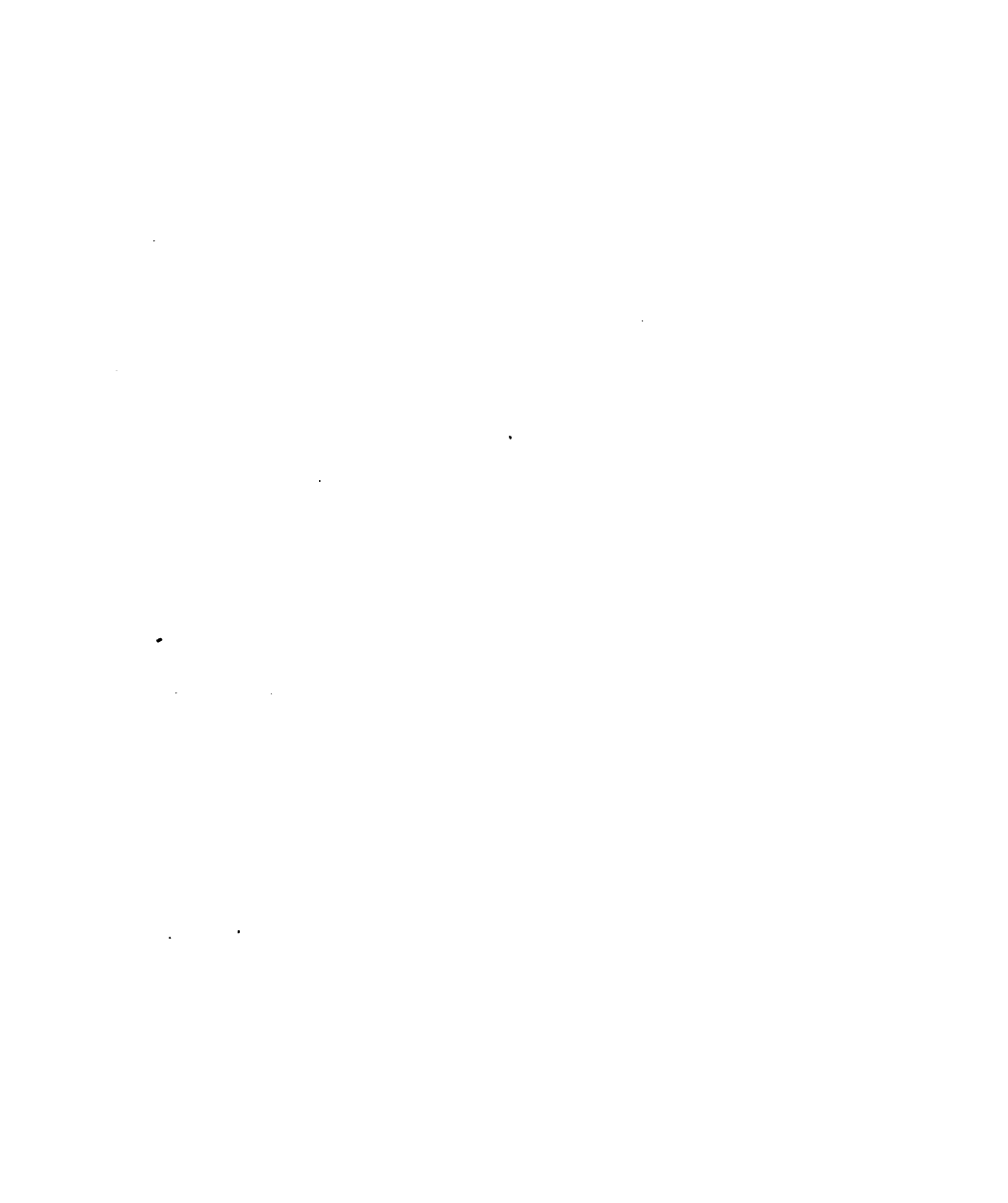
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GOLDEN LILIES
AND
THE FLOWERY LAND.



A CHINESE LADY AND "GOLDEN LILIES"

GOLDEN LILIES

AND

THE FLOWERY LAND.

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GOLDEN LILIES AND THE FLOWERY LAND.

HOW pleasant it sounds—with visions of gay flower-beds and winding walks, of sunny slopes and rich green turf! But, bright young eyes that have read the title and fastened on the pretty lilies painted on the cover of this little book, do not be disappointed if you find nothing about flowers inside. We are going to a strange land across the sea where people use high-sounding words to mean very ordinary and even ugly things. They call their country the Flowery Land because the name sounds nice and not because it is full of flowers, and presently you will find that *Golden Lilies* mean something very different from the fragrant smell and dainty shape and tint of the lily in our gardens. In plain English I am going to tell you something of

CHINA

and its crowded streets, whose fragrance is anything but that of the lily. So strange it all seems to us! everything goes by opposites. People in China think the left the place of honour, begin a book at the end, read down a page instead of across; they do not say *Mr. John Smith*, but *Smith John Mr.*; their men wear petticoats and their women wear trousers; they put on white for a funeral; when they meet a friend, instead of taking his hand they grasp their own, and if they quarrel with anyone very badly, instead of being tempted to kill him they go and kill themselves! It is just like a land behind the looking-glass where left and right get all twisted round.



A RIVER LANDING PLACE WITH HOUSES ON POLES.



A CHINESE STREET.

It is a land so vast that little England might slip into a corner and be almost lost sight of; and if we try to imagine ever so hard we shall find it very difficult to realise how many people there are in it. Supposing a boy goes to school on his sixth birthday and begins to count the Chinamen, counting *one* every time the clock ticks, then if he counts from seven in the morning till seven in the evening, never stopping except to sleep at night and to get married when he is twenty-three years old, then on the day when *his* little boy is six, he will have about got to the end of counting! It would not be hard to make a sum out of that and to find out how large the population of



GENTLEMAN IN WINTER DRESS.



COOLIE IN STRAW RAIN CLOAK.

China is. The country is so large that you would see quite different things in the north and south, and as it would only confuse you to be told of half-a-dozen different customs in half-a-dozen different places, I shall take you right to the heart of the land where I lived, and will explain the sights that will meet your eye there.

Let us leave our boat on the Yangtse river and climb up the muddy steps of the jetty, amidst the crowds, there before us stretches the Chinese street. It looks like a half-lighted tunnel for it is only from eight to twelve feet wide, and it is covered in summer with matting overhead to keep off the fierce blaze of the sun. The sunlight flashes through the chinks and crannies of the awning and lights up the sign-boards which hang out before the shops—black or gold with strange-looking Chinese words printed on them.

The street, scarcely wider than an English pavement, is thronged full from morning to night like Cheapside in London. Here swaggers along the gentleman in silken robes, languidly fluttering his fan and peering superciliously at the rest of the world through his huge goggles. If it be winter, he will have laid aside his fan and will be clad in furs or in gown all lined with sheepskin. Important as he may be, he has to step on one side while the *coolie* or porter comes panting by. He is dressed in a short loose calico jacket and knicker-bockers, with bare calves and straw sandals; over his shoulder is his sturdy but pliant bamboo, from the ends of which hang baskets for carrying rice or coal, oil or iron, a pig or a baby, as the case may be. As he swings along with half-a-dozen others in single file behind him, he shouts out to help him forget the weight, and this is the song he sings:

"Ah he, eh he, eh holi, ah holi,"

and so on, never ending except sometimes to take a rest by a sort of grunt.

You will notice that all these, gentlemen and coolies, wear their hair plaited in a long queue. That word is so curiously spelt and pronounced, that I expect you will understand better if we call it a *pigtail*. Do not think that it is false hair fixed on. See here, in a little nook, is the barber at his daily trade, with his portable little stove, its charcoal fire and hot water. The customer sits down on the little bench and takes off his hat, and you see that the crown of his head is all shaven, one patch only on the top and back of the head being allowed to grow long. The hairdresser undoes the long queue, combs it out, shaves the bare part of the head with his clumsy razor, cleans the inside of the eyelids and the inside of the ears, then plaits the hair into its queue again and binds it firmly with silk. Then he slaps the customer's back heartily a dozen times or so and gets his halfpenny for his half hour's work. It is only men, not women, that wear the pigtail; and the curious part of it is, that it is not a Chinese fashion at all, but when the *Manchus*, from the north, conquered China, they forced the Chinese to adopt this fashion as

a mark of submission. Of course, to-day, everybody is thoroughly accustomed to it and thinks it quite natural.

You will not see many women out in the streets; but here comes one with her almond eyes, glossy hair, powdered cheeks, rouged lip, wide trousers, earrings and bracelets and embroidered jacket. But why does she walk so slowly and so awkwardly? Look down at her feet and you will see that they are only two or three inches long. When she was a little child, her mother tied a bandage so tightly round the little toes and instep that the foot could not grow. It swelled up and hurt her terribly, but she would not take the bandage off because they told her that if she did not have her feet bound she would never get a husband, and that would indeed be dreadful. So she grew up with her pretty little foot tortured into a horrible sort of hoof or club-foot. The Chinese think them so elegant that even working-women bind their feet, and a fine lady will have them so small that she cannot really stand safely or walk with them, but needs a stick or a servant's shoulder. These tiny feet, two or three inches long, are what they call

GOLDEN LILIES.

And now you know why, when I was going to write about China and its men and women I should choose to speak of "Golden Lilies and the Flowery Land." It sounds so much prettier, does it not? and I think it needs all the poetry and fine words to hide the horrible reality. That little Chinese girl that is holding her mother's hand and hobbling along by her side is crying now because of the aching in her feet.

But the merry little boy who is going for a walk there has nothing to prevent his running about actively enough. He is gaily dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, with a long scarlet tassel and a charm or two hanging round his neck. As the weather grows colder, inasmuch as they do not have fires in their houses, he will don another and another suit of clothes, until he will have eight or more layers on, and will be nearly *as broad as long*. Then, as the year goes round and the weather becomes



AN OPEN-AIR TOILET.



TRAVELLING COBBLERS.

warmer again, he takes off suit after suit; and if you want to know what he wears in the hot summer you will find out when you have done this substraction sum.—“If a boy wears eight suits of clothes in mid-winter, and peels off, one by one, eight suits as the weather grows warmer, how many will he have left?” Well, *that* is the amount of clothes he wears at midsummer, and, when I tell you that the lightest clothes get wet through with perspiration in ten minutes—even while you are sitting still—I think you will see that that boy is dressed in the most comfortable fashion possible.

Now what is this curious thing coming towards us? It is a sedan chair. In all the southern half of China there are no carts or carriages, and so a gentleman or lady who wants to ride sits in a chair, which is slung on poles and borne across two men's shoulders. If it is a *mandarin*, that is a magistrate, you will soon know, for he has four or even eight bearers. A number of little ragamuffins in tawdry scarlet dresses are running in front screaming out shrill cries and carrying gilt tablets with inscriptions; one man is carrying a huge umbrella of crimson silk; runners with trailing bamboos and steeple-crowned hats are mouthing out a horrible howl to warn folk of what the bamboos may be used for. The banging of a brazen gong adds to the warning, and then the great man himself silk-robed with special embroidery on breast and back, nods sleepily by in his sedan. Where the procession disappears in the broad gateway, a huge dragon painted on a blank wall and two tall masts surrounded at a height of thirty or forty feet, with square frames (which the magpies find convenient for building their nests in), mark out a *Yamen* or the magistrate's official home. There in front of a row of palisades is seated a prisoner undergoing punishment. You see this poor wretch in the picture with a square frame, weighing twenty pounds or more, fastened round his neck. Very likely he has been sentenced to wear this for a month or two; he cannot get his hand to his mouth; if a mosquito settles on his nose he has to let it stay and bite; he cannot feed himself, and has to depend on



THE CANGUE.

the kindness of his friends or the mercy of his jailer. One would think there is disgrace and inconvenience enough there to keep most people from doing wrong, and yet you will see some one wearing the *cangue*, as it is called, almost every time you pass the Yamen.

Now turn round again and notice this marriage procession. The bride is locked up in that sedan chair, all crimson and mirror and gold, and the friends of the bridegroom are taking her to his home. Fifty porters are carrying on their shoulders the wedding presents wrapped in crimson cloth or paper, and walk in single file through the streets, until after a while the whole procession will enter the bridegroom's house, the lock will be opened, the bride led forth with her head thickly covered by a red cloth, the marriage ceremony will be performed, and then the two young people will see each other for the first time in their lives!

And now, if it is a lucky day for funerals, you will hear strange, shrill music, and there advances a row of musicians blowing on pipes and solemn trumpets. Behind them come the priests with heads shaven clean and branded with the marks of ordination, dressed in long yellow or grey robes, or others in robes of darker hue and hair done up in a knot behind. Next come two coolies bearing—bound on a basket—a cock; this is to make any wandering bogey think that all the fuss is about the bird, so that he will go for the bird and let the corpse go by. Some say it is to guide, by its shrill crowing, the soul of the departed to keep company with the corpse to the grave. Then the great bier with the heavy coffin borne by the strength of two-and-thirty staggering men; behind the bier the chief mourner, all in white sack-cloth, supported in his supposed agony by two friends. Behind him are carried the chairs, covered with white cloth, containing the women of the household wailing loudly—except when they see *us*, and then they will open their mouths so wide in astonishment that they will forget to wail till we have gone on! The wailing and the excessive grief of the chief mourner are the proper things, even though the man they are burying may have died months before.

All along the streets, narrow as they are, there are stalls just as in an English market. Notice at one of them this wise-looking fortune-teller. There are dozens like him, for everybody believes that fortunes can be told, and is willing to give money to get to know the future. Evidently it is winter, for he has on his *fung mao* or wind hat, to keep off the fierce cold wind which cuts through the narrow streets, and his hands are in his



THE FORTUNE TELLER.

wide sleeves, which do just as well for warming them as do your gloves. On his advertisement sheet in front of him are pictures of a man and woman with names of special virtues or faults, good fortune or bad, written on various parts of face and head, just as people who call *themselves* by a very long name—phrenologists—do here in England.

We might get our fortunes told for a halfpenny from this wise old man. I once asked whether he could tell mine, and he said he was not sure, because I was an Englishman; but he *thought* I had three wives! So you see fortune-tellers have no more knowledge of the future in China than in England. I have one dear old friend who used, at one time, to tell fortunes, but when he learnt to love the Lord Jesus he had to choose between roguery and Christ, and he gave up his living in order that he might save his soul. And now, instead of prophesying the future for others, he has put his own future into the hands of his Heavenly Father, and his wrinkled old face is full of the Peace of God.

One-fortune teller whom I knew was a priest, and if you could have gone with me to see him, you would be astonished at his *nails*; that on his little finger is longer than the finger itself! You will be surprised to know that he is very proud of this long nail. In China they have one grand and true idea—that knowledge is the noblest thing of all, and that that man is greatest, not who has most money, but who knows most; therefore they think the learned men the best in the State. But from that they gained a very foolish and untrue idea—that to do work with the hands is ignoble. Therefore anybody that does no work with his hands likes to show the world the fact, and the way he takes to show it is to *let his nails grow long*. The nails of gentlefolk and of idlers like this are quite long and curvy, like the claws of a bird. I heard of one man whose little finger-nail was more than a foot long! I am glad that in England you know better and understand that people who work with their hands are really noble and worthy of all respect if what their hands find to do is done well for the sake of the Lord who set it them.

While the fortune-teller is tricking a few ignorant and superstitious people, we will go on to another little crowd which gathers round the travelling cook-shop near by. Over that little fire, that man will cook stews and rice, sweetmeats and dumplings, chestnuts and sweet potatoes; and you may be sure that he has always no lack of customers who spend



THE TRAVELLING COOK-SHOP.

a farthing or, if they are very extravagant, a halfpenny on a warm lunch in the middle of the day.

Here comes a man with pale, sickly yellow face and cheek bones that stand out beneath his glassy eyes as he walks slowly and languidly along. We guess that he is an *opium-smoker*; as we follow him, he turns down a side street some four feet wide and stops at a wretched door from which comes a sweetish, sickening smell, which, horrible to us, is what he has been longing for; we have reached the opium den. There lie half-a-dozen men on hard divans, each with a long pipe in his hand and tiny lamp near by with open flame. Each takes a little out of his opium box and holds it on a needle fizzing in the flame until ready, when he puts his pipe to it and draws in a long whiff of the opium vapour. He repeats this several times until he has had his usual quantity, and then he falls back in a sort of doze; the busy world is going on around him, wife and children are starving, but he is careless of it all, if day by day he may spend his time and strength and money here. The awful craving grows upon him and he must have more and more opium until his furniture and his house, and his children and his wife are sold to get money for smoking, and then the poor wretch begs his last few years down to his dishonoured grave. This is an awful place where souls are being chained by Satan, and men are becoming cunning, lying, unclean, brutish. Let us come away, for our heads are aching and our hearts are saddened.

It is trying work strolling through the streets like this. For a long time past a crowd of boys has been gathered round us and they have been feeling our dress and shouting at our funny looks. Every now and then some one calls from the outskirts of the crowd, "Foreign Devil"—and runs away as soon as we turn round to remonstrate. One or two in front assure us that we are mistaken, that no one would do so rude a thing, and they beseech us not to be angry. So we pretend to be appeased by their intercession and turn down a quiet street. All the dogs begin to bark

THE OPIUM DEN.



as soon as we draw near, and with half-a-dozen curs yelping and a score or two of men and boys following, it really grows so uncomfortable that we will take the opportunity of paying a call in a house near by. Unless it be somebody specially friendly, he would not care for us to come into his house, for he despises and dislikes us; but fortunately there is a man here whom I know a little and he will be glad to see us.

Notice, as you pass in, the two door-gods pasted on the leaves of the folding door; two great ugly pictures of warriors are set there to frighten off evil spirits. Notices are pasted on the windows that a great wizard of antiquity is within, and that evil spirits would be wiser not to enter. The door is set a little askew to make it harder for evil influences to enter and good influences to get out; and very likely over the lintel there is a little mirror in which any passing bogey may see his own ugly face, and, thinking the place is occupied already, may pass on in search of some one else to plague!

Our servant takes in my big leather card case and hands in my visiting card, a piece of red paper about as big as a page of this book; then an attendant from within comes forward, bows one knee, and says *Oh'in* (please), and we go forward to the guest-room. All the places are very carefully arranged in order of dignity; we therefore carefully take the lowest. Our host enters and we bow low to each other, while he insists on our taking the highest seat; we struggle, and insist, and decline till at last we give in, bow, and venture to take our seat at the head of the room. Tea is brought in, our host wishes to put down our tea-cups for us, we murmur incoherent thanks, then we do the same for him, he protesting that he is not worthy. After that we open our conversation, something like this:

Host. Deign to inform me, what is your honourable name?

Visitor. My obscure name is Pa.

Host. Where is your wealthy palace?

Visitor. My mean hovel is in Long Street.

fat sides and curving horns is ploughing through the mud, driven by a bare-legged peasant; he sniffs viciously as we pass by and we feel more comfortable when we are a little out of reach. In a corner of the field is a tiny shrine in which we may see the painted picture of a man and woman, the god and goddess of that little field; if it be the day of the new or full moon the farmer will have spent a halfpenny in the purchase of incense and candles as offerings before this shrine.

How curiously pock-marked the country seems; everywhere little hillocks with depressions between. Yes, for miles and miles, the whole land is full of graves, the graves of men and women and children who passed away before they knew of the bright life and brighter hope which Jesus Christ brought into the world! See, there by an open grave, is standing the funeral procession we saw in the street awhile ago. The priests are chanting masses in their bass voices, and fire is burning by the grave. They have heaped up a pile of sham money, made out of paper, and paper images of houses and clocks, servants and furniture; when they set fire to it and watch the quivering flames and dying ashes they think that these will turn into real money and real furniture in the unknown world of shadows to which the dead is gone. Thus the dead depend for their peace and comfort upon the kindness of the living. If it were the seventh moon when they suppose all the spirits are allowed out of the lower world, we should see everywhere platforms on which priests are singing masses far into the night, we should meet men beating gongs and lighting little lamps all along the streets or burning paper money to guide poor spirits that may have lost their way. Or we should notice along the rippling waters of the river long lines of gaily coloured lamps, shaped like a lotus lily, red and white and blue, lit and floating down the stream to attract the attention of the wandering ghosts of the drowned who might have none to attend to them, and might otherwise do some one a mischief. And so you see instead of that—

. . . . "Happy land, far far away"

instead of the happy home of Jesus, where all is peace and joy, these poor dark folk know nothing better than a groping land of horror and tormented ghosts.

Walking a little further we notice a newly-made grave; close by it is some smouldering straw, and two tiny cups, half-full of milk, are set at the grave head. This is the grave of a young mother's sorrow; her baby died and is buried here, and the poor sorrowing mother, is afraid her little one will be lonely and hungry in that dark cold world to which it is gone, so she has made out of straw a rough image of a child, and burnt it by the grave side, and she thinks that this will turn into a real baby to play with her little one and keep it company. She has put some of her own milk in those cups that her child may not starve, and thus she hopes to tide over the three days until the *Mung P'o*, the Dream Nurse, will come, and taking the child in her arms will give the draught of forgetfulness, after which it will pine no more for the mother and the world it has left. How different this from the time when you stood by the grave of your little baby brother or sister, and while you cried you knew that it was happy now, because it was safe in the arms of Jesus.

A little distance off are the curved roofs and high blank walls of a temple; let us enter the big court-yard and turn to the great shrine where huge idols sit with vacant face, large ears and ample paunch, all bright with gilt and colouring. Just as we enter, a tiny-footed woman is bringing in a gaily-dressed little boy, to teach him how to worship. On his arm he carries a basket with red candles, incense, and crackers. The mother pays some money to the priest, who lights the candles and sets them before the idol, sets the incense curling its smoke and fragrance upon the incense stand, beats a gong to attract the god's attention, then stands at the door and fires off the crackers. Then the mother tries to get the little boy to bow before the idol, overcomes his fears by promises and encouragements, till after awhile he kneels down and knocks his forehead on the ground again and again; the mother is satisfied, and

carries him off home in triumph, with the happy belief that the god will bless and protect her child.

But where are all these people hurrying to, all dressed in their best clothes? Yonder is an old tree, and under its biggest branch is a curious gnarled old boss. Some priest has bethought himself of a happy trick, and spread the report abroad that a mighty spirit has taken up his abode in this old boss. So he has draped gay coloured cloth around it, and spread a stall beneath where he offers for sale candles, crackers, and incense. Watch all the people coming! Men, women, children, all the country side is here; yonder are two men carrying a third, pale and ill, they are hoping that the poor fellow may find healing; and all in sickness or need are bowing before the tree while the priest is driving a roaring trade, and the rest of the world holds a merry picnic—drinking tea and gambling. Cannot we understand better when we see a thing like this, how eagerly the people gathered round the Lord Jesus when they heard of His healing and His words of love?

You will see then that there are many sights in China which are odd only because they are different from what we have been accustomed to. It is not fair to think that everything is bad in China; the people are very sunny-faced and good-tempered, although they are desperately poor; they love their homes and are exceedingly dutiful and obedient to their parents; they are good to the destitute, and they are, on the whole, hard-working, temperate, and honest. We do not want to alter things that are odd simply because they are not English, but there are many things that you have seen in this walk of ours which are very, very sad, and the missionaries go to China to try and turn the sad things into the bright.

Let us enter the city again and go home to the Mission House to see what the missionaries are doing. As we enter, a small boy, hurrying by with his books, brings both his hands together and makes us a low bow; let us go with him, for he is one of the children from the Mission school. *He knows* the way well, but he goes to school much more slowly than

he comes back—just as many of you English boys do ; but what would you think of being at school soon after it is light and staying, except for breakfast and dinner, until it is dusk ? We turn in at a big door with curving roof, turn sharp to the left, through a narrow passage, and find ourselves in a long, low room, with twenty boys learning their lessons.

There sits the teacher, very solemn and stern, with a big cane before him. It would never do for him to smile or look gentle, so the twenty little urchins are quiet as mice while the teacher is there. The smallest have their heads shaven clean ; those a little older have five little sprouting horns of hair, and those older still have little budding pigtails. Presently one boy comes up to learn his lesson. The teacher shouts in his bass voice, and the boy repeats after him in his treble ; then he goes to his seat, sits down and shouts out the sentences he has learnt until he knows them. The second boy shouts out his lesson at his seat, the third at his, and so on until the whole twenty are shouting out at the top of their shrill voices all at once, and the teacher does not seem to mind it a bit !

Then after a while the first boy comes up to repeat his task. First he respectfully turns his back upon his teacher ! I do not like to think what would happen to *you* if you did that when you say your lessons. But it is the proper thing to do in China to make sure that the boy does not look at his book. Then he takes a long breath and begins rattling off in a high sing-song ; and he will begin at the first verse of the first chapter of Matthew and repeat right on till the end of the last verse of the last chapter without making a single mistake ! But the worst of it is that he will not understand a single word he has said when he has got to the end of it ! An English child learns the letters first and then words of one syllable, then words of two and so on to really hard words ; but in China there are no letters, but every word has a separate little picture, so for years all they do is to teach the sound which is to be fastened in the mind to each picture, and it is only after years of parrot-work that the

first explanations are given. Then comes the writing lesson with ink-stone, brush and transparent paper over the copy.

If this were an ordinary school, all the day and all the year round they would learn to read and write; but as this is a Christian school, at seven o'clock in the morning a bell rings and these boys file off to the vestry where the Missionary is waiting for them. The ordinary Chinese do not sing except in a high falsetto scream, but we train these children to sing hymns such as you are accustomed to in your Sunday schools. Perhaps it is this one; you know it quite well; it begins in English:

"Jesus loves me, this I know."

And you may like to try to sing it in Chinese; here it is:

"Yé su ngai ngo, ngo shiao teh
 Sen shu kao ngo sen min peh,
 Fan shiao'hai tsz Chu mung yang
 Ngo sway yuen yo Chu Kang ch'iang.
 Sz Yé su ngai ngo, sz Yé su ngai ngo,
 Sz Yé su ngai ngo,
 Yeo sen shu kao seo ngo."

Then all kneel down and one of the boys repeats a prayer—for we have to teach them every word, and how to pray; and when that is done they all unite in the Lord's Prayer. Then we have the Bible lesson and learn from the same pictures that you know so well, the stories of the life of the Lord Jesus, and try to get them to understand that Jesus loves them, and that they must worship Him.

Leaving these school-boys and passing the open door of the chapel which is full of Chinese who have strolled in to hear what the "Foreign Devil" has to say, we cross the street, and while doing so nearly knock over a blind musician who is walking slowly along, making a thin melancholy music with his guitar. There, too, is a curious procession; a *long string* of eight or nine blind people, each with hand upon the shoulder

of the one before, the front one of all having a glimmering of sight sufficient to find his way. They are going into the town to their accustomed begging stations. The reason there are so many blind people in China is that, when they were little, their mothers were careless about keeping

A BLIND MUSICIAN.



them clean, and many of them got ophthalmia, small-pox, and other diseases. Then the light faded away for them, and they have only beggary or slavery to look forward to. While you are thinking of the sadness of this sight, I have led you down a long passage into a yard where there are

some boys playing, but they move about in an uncertain sort of way. Why, these boys are blind too! Yes, you have come to a Christian Blind school. When the Lord Jesus was down on earth and the blind came to Him, He touched their eyes and they could see again, and when a missionary who went to China to tell the heathen about the same Lord Jesus saw these poor blind little fellows he thought that there was no better way to do than to gather them into a school where they might learn of Him. There they are taught to sing and knit, to weave baskets and make hammocks, and to read about Jesus in books specially made for them with raised dots pricked in them to mark the words. With their nimble fingers, these blind boys can read as fast as other boys with their eyes. Is it not a splendid thing that these poor forlorn little blind boys should be taken care of, and that their whole life should be made bright with the love of God? Any set of happy English children might pick out for themselves a little blind Chinese brother, and keep him for a year there if they could get £5 to send to the Blind school.

When we leave this happy home of Christian love and get in the crowded street again, we stand for a few minutes to watch a native doctor who has a stall spread under a big umbrella. Sometimes he tells the poor sick people to swallow a hundred pills a day; sometimes he sells them bear's paw or snake-skins or tiger's gall or crocodile's scales; sometimes he digs needles two or three inches into people and asks, "Now you feel better, don't you?" Poor suffering people for whom there seems so little help! As we leave them we turn in at a high door over which are written the words:

"P'u Ngai Ye Yuen,"

which means:

"Hospital of love to all."

And, when you see these words, you will know that it is the Love of Jesus which has opened that hospital to try to win men to Him. Years ago there was a young man in England who loved the Lord Jesus so much



BOYS FROM THE BLIND SCHOOL AT THEIR RICE.

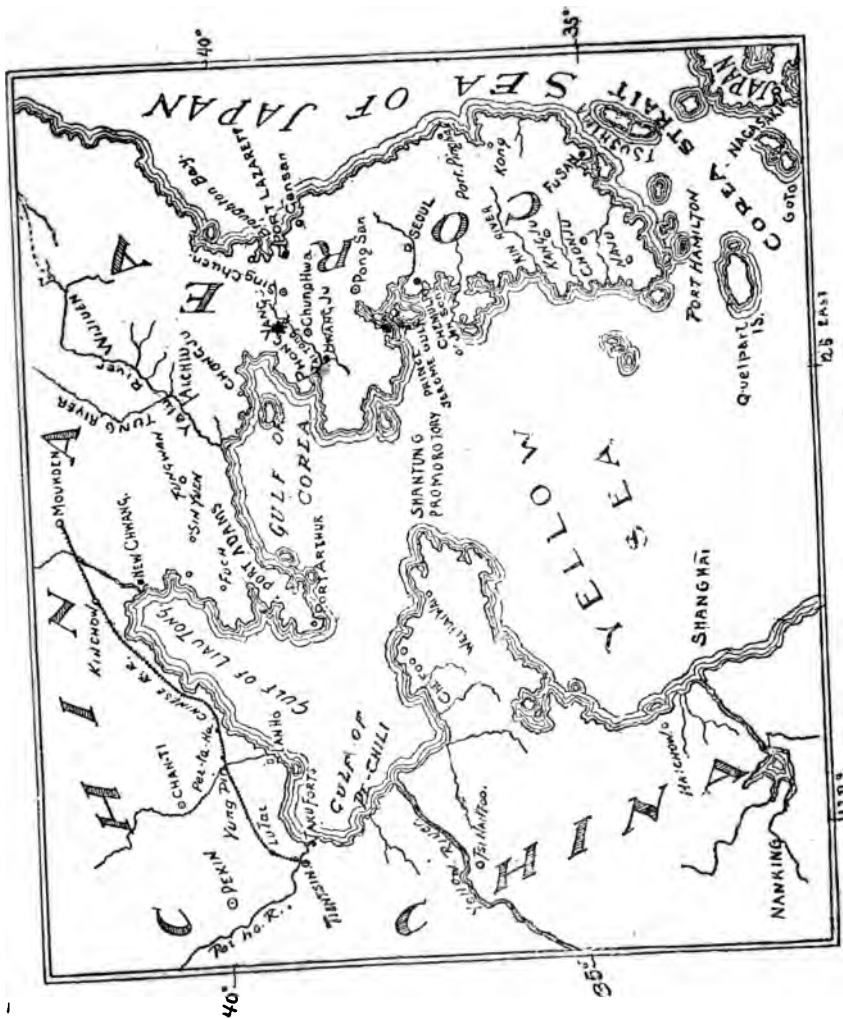
MEXICO

that he felt he must go to China as a missionary; then he heard of all the dreadful sufferings of the people, and the thought came into his mind that he would be a doctor and heal them for his Saviour's sake. So he worked hard for years and spent a good deal of money in studying medicine, and then he went to China and opened this hospital. There was also a young lady who did just the same and she opened a hospital for the women. Now look at the poor sick people who have heard of the fame of the foreign doctors and are waiting to be seen by them. Oh! so pale and weak, with dreadful diseases that I hope you English children will never see or hear of. The poor sufferers are kindly treated and examined, they are put to bed and nursed and fed and tended until they are well again; and all the time they keep puzzling *why* these people are so kind to them. They think over the words, "Love to all," while the Christians who come to see them tell them of God who became a man and healed the sick and raised the dead, and then died Himself upon the cross for them and has risen again and is alive for evermore; and they tell them that it is because of His love shed abroad in their hearts that these foreigners have come from afar to help them. When these sick people go away healed there are two new thoughts in their minds, *God* and *Love*, and they have been taught to link the two together

"God is Love."

I wonder how many boys and girls who read this book will love the Lord Jesus Christ so much that they will make up their minds *now* to help the Chinese to love Him. I wonder how many will set to work straight off to learn their lessons as well as ever they can, so as by and by to be able to pass examinations and take their degree as doctors and then to stand, like the healing Lord himself, between the Chinese and death?

Then I think we may look forward to the time when the beautiful name they have chosen for their country will not be mere poetry, but China will really be the Garden of the Lord, and that will be the true *Flowery Land*.





THE LAND OF THE
MORNING CALM.

A TALK WITH ENGLISH BOYS
AND GIRLS ABOUT COREA.

BY THE

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THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM.

FAR away on the other side of the world there heave the mighty waters of the Pacific Ocean, and I expect that nearly all of you know that that means the Ocean of Peace. Its waves first wash the shores of Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun, whose ruler styles himself the Child of the Sun, and then fling themselves upon fifteen hundred miles of the Coast of China, whose Emperor thinks he is the Son of Heaven, and calls his country the Central Land of Flowers. Between these two, joined to the main body of China, yet reaching out like a hand to the islands of Japan, is Corea, the Land of the Morning Calm, whose monarch rejoices in the title Lord of Ten Thousand Isles. Such pretty words and names seem like dew-drops shaken from the trees of Paradise—the Rising Sun and the Morning Calm, the gay Land of Flowers by the Ocean of Peace—can we have a fairer picture put before us? What a pity it is that the dew-drops dry up and vanish away; what a pity that the Ocean of Peace can be as cruel and stormy as any other; what a pity that the Land of the Rising Sun is fighting hard with the Land of Flowers, that the Land of Morning Calm is full of the noise and fright of war, and that the Lord of Ten Thousand Isles is really a prisoner in his palace, only allowed to do what his Japanese masters wish! *Yes, it is a pity; but fine names don't do away with misery, and fine words don't always mean fine things.*

Not many years ago, when I was living in the Flowery Land, there used to come sometimes to see me a gentleman who was dressed very differently from the Chinese that I saw every day. He was a little like them in face, with his yellowish skin and almond-shaped eyes, but his coat, of a dazzling white, was open at the front, and reached in long tails to his feet, and its sleeves, which hung down nearly to his knees, were sewn up to about his wrist, so that he had two pockets there more than a foot deep. His feet were swathed in huge padded socks, on his broad nose rested two huge goggles, and his head was crowned with a high round-brimmed hat of horsehair—in shape something like that in which Welshwomen used to go to market—through the open work of which could be seen his hair, gathered up at the back into a sort of blunt horn. Although we couldn't understand each other's talk, yet when we took the little camel hair brush that lay on the table and wrote Chinese we found the interchange of thought perfectly easy. This stranger was a scholar from Corea, a sage from the Land of the Morning Calm. I want the boys and girls who read this little book to come with me to see my kind old friend and get him to talk to us. Do not be afraid of him, although he looks so odd, and remember you look just as odd to him as he does to you; above all, be sure you do not laugh at him, for he is polite and doesn't laugh at you, and I am sure you wouldn't like him to think that English manners are not as good as Corean. Now, I shall imagine that you can understand what he says, and that he talks to you about his own country and his life. Listen as he begins.

What a strange thing that I should have a chance of seeing you English children, with your rosy cheeks and fair hair. Why, it isn't so long ago that we didn't allow any foreigners at all to land in our country. I remember a big stone on the road, not far from Soül, our capital city, on which was carved, in big letters, an order to all Coreans to kill any outside man who might land in the country. You will think it very strange that we could be so cruel and so unfriendly; I know we were *wrong*, but I will try to explain how it came about.



WEALTHY COREANS TRAVELLING.

Supposing one of you little boys went to a boarding school, and one day the kind folk at home sent you a cake, you would enjoy it and would manage to eat a slice two or three times a day, would you not? But suppose that on the two sides of you in class there sat two big strong boys who were greedy bullies very fond of cake, I think you would be very careful to lock the cake up in your box and take the key away with you. Well, ever since our country had a history, for three thousand years and more, we have had two big nations, China and Japan, one on either side of us, each of whom has been very ready to land soldiers on our shores, and repeatedly they have invaded us and sought to take our country. Do you wonder that we grew shy and nervous of strangers, and took every precaution against admitting them within our borders? But I am glad to say that stone is destroyed now, and its inscription is being fast forgotten. It isn't very long ago, even in the lifetime of some of you boys who are still in knickerbockers, and since my boy at home was born, though he is still fond of whipping his top and wears his hair in a long pigtail. Nowadays, when the tide is up, you can see in the shining harbours of our country ships of nations far and near, and when foreigners walk along our streets, instead of driving them away, we courteously make room for them, and give them the best side of the road. So I am glad I have the chance, which my father never had, of stroking the hair of English maidens and looking into the shining eyes of English boys. You would like to hear of adventures, and lions and tigers, I expect. Lions we have not, but we have plenty of tigers. Why, if you could watch our soldiers march out to fight you would see our country's banner with a tiger blazoned on it. If you think it rather boastful of us, remember that the Japanese have the blood-red sun painted on theirs, and the Chinese have a dragon, and I think I heard an Englishman the other day talk about the British lion, didn't I? If you think yourselves lions, why shouldn't we talk about Corean tigers? They are big enough, our tigers, as big as any you will find in the world. We have some of our hunters



A KOREAN FARM

who wear a special dress,¹ by which we tell they are bold enough to hunt the tiger if need be. Many of them will not venture this much, but content themselves with deer and antelopes, or even wolves, but these men with their Guy Fawkes' hats, tight bound clothes, matchlock and slow match hanging over the arm, are quite ready to track the man-eater to his lair in the pathless mountains. No, I cannot tell you of adventures, but I will talk to you a little about my life. When I first saw the light in a far-off village, as in all Eastern lands, they were glad it was a boy who was born into the world, and not a girl. My mother was a poor woman and had to go to work. I am sorry to say that my father was not very industrious, but my poor mother had, very soon after I came into the world, to go about the work of the farm and the house again. She couldn't very well leave me alone at home, and she would often put a sort of rough sling around her neck, and would set me there, hanging on her back, with my little legs digging into her sides and my little arms cuddling her neck. Some of your fellow countrymen who have travelled in my land tell me that our women are all ugly, but I remember that I used to think my mother was the kindest and most beautiful in all the country side. I think you have a proverb that says: "Handsome is that handsome does," and my mother loved me and treated me well. According to the prevailing fashion, as I began to be able to run about, my hair was allowed to grow long and was plaited into a pigtail. I was an active lad, and led a happy life in games with my companions. We whipped our tops and played go-bang or pitch-and-toss. We flew our kites, too, which afforded us great amusement. Sometimes we had matches in which the great aim was with our own strings to cut through the string of our neighbour's kite, and thus to set it loose and let it fly away. All the folk would gather round and encourage us; sometimes even the shop-keepers would turn out of their shops to see the result, and generally their customers left their bargains behind and followed to share the sport. We used to delight to listen to the musicians who sometimes



A COREAN SCHOOLMASTER.


came round, twanging their many-stringed guitars and singing their songs in high falsetto through their noses. But as my pigtail grew longer my parents decided that it was time for me to go to school; so I was taken to the wise-looking old schoolmaster with his high round hat and his great goggles, and very frightened I was at his stern looks. Now, when we write my language, we use letters which you would think very strange, but we have one blessing, and that is that we always spell straight on, just as the words are sounded. I can imagine how you English children envy us, for I've heard of the pitfalls that your spelling books have for you, and of the funny differences that you make in pronouncing such words as *rough* and *trough* and *slough*, *though* and *through*, *hough* and *hiccough*. But the fact is that to learn to write Corean seems so easy that we have come to think it isn't worth doing at all; therefore, a long time ago we borrowed the books of China, and everyone who pretends to be educated has to learn Chinese. They have a way of doing things far worse than spelling, for every separate word has a separate little picture, and we have to learn to recognise all these, and to give the right sound and meaning to each one. There are thousands of them, and I had to sit by the hour on the floor before my teacher, shouting out the sounds he taught me, till by-and-bye they soaked into my ears and brain. The more I swayed to and fro and the louder I shouted, the better my teacher was pleased; but I had many a cry and many a caning before I managed to get it all into my head. When school was over our playground was the street. Most of the houses were very poor and were thatched, just a very few were covered with tiles. They told me, though I didn't believe them then, that in Soul whole streets of houses were tiled. I've found out since that in the capital they really are rich enough for this. In our village and all through the country the houses are generally shaped like a horseshoe, with one side along the street, and the open courtyard within, round which are all the rooms of the family. Our winters are very cold, and though we wear clothes wadded with cotton wool, yet we

take great care to keep our houses warm. Underneath the floors, in every direction, stretch flues which are connected with a stove outside near the front door. A small fire of brushwood is kept burning there, so that all its hot air goes under the floor and warms the whole, the smoke finally finding its way out by chimneys behind the house. I'm told that your learned men in England use very much the same means to warm your worship-halls, but, of course, you are sure to do it far better than we. We manage to get rid of the smoke, but the constant warmth in the floor makes each crack and crevice so comfortable that fleas and all sorts of insects live there in swarms, and I have heard that your Englishmen complain bitterly when they have to sleep in our inns. It's a good thing we Coreans haven't such tender skins.

Out of doors I used to watch the huge oxen—bigger than the biggest that take the prizes at your shows at home—moving slowly through the streets, nearly hidden, large as they are, beneath the mountains of brushwood on their backs, and then the tiny little ponies came clattering by so fiercely that we had to get out of the way or be run down.

Occasionally a military officer would ride past on his thickly-padded saddle, raised nearly a foot above the animal's back, with one man to hold his reins for him and others to prop him up when he gave a lurch to one side or the other. One day I saw a foreigner on one of our small ponies, using an English saddle instead of a Corean; the consequence was that unless he had curved his legs up they would have touched the ground. The pony ran away, and he was trying to stop him by putting his feet to the ground, running and trying to walk with the little animal between his legs, till horse and rider finally tumbled all in a heap in a rice field.

I must confess my countrymen are lazy, and the peasants in the villages don't do any more work than they are obliged. Only a tenth of our country is cultivated, and we have to buy a good deal of the rice we eat from Japan. Supposing they want to dig a piece of ground; several





COREAN SOLDIERS.

of them go out together with their shovel, which has handle several feet in length ; one of them drives it vertically into the ground, then the rest give the end of the shovel a sudden jerk by means of a rope, with the result that the blade digs out a bit of earth and flings it through the air, sometimes to a considerable distance. I am told that the whole lot of them do badly what would be done well by a single English labourer.

The usual way of carrying things is either to take a pack on the back or to hang them to hand-poles, fastened to a strap around the shoulders. In China, as you know, the coolies, or porters, carry a bamboo over the shoulder, and from the ends hang baskets which balance each other. A man who had lived in China tried to get the Coreans to carry things in the same way, but they would insist on stretching the bamboo across the shoulders of *two* men, and then from the middle hanging *one* basket ; from that it isn't a hard sum to find out how many Corean porters it takes to make up one Chinese. No, I'm sorry to have to confess it, my fellow-countrymen are too fond of loitering and smoking ; but it is only fair to say that there is no very great encouragement to industry.

I know a man who worked hard, making a good deal of money, until there came an unjust magistrate to our country, who, setting eyes upon him, had him arrested on some trumped-up charge. Notwithstanding his denials, he was each day thrown down upon his face and soundly beaten, till he thought it wiser to confess and gain his freedom at the cost of a heavy fine. Another wealthy man, more cautious, kept out of sight, but the judge, not to be outwitted, arrested a poor cousin, condemning him to pay a large fine. To his protests that he could not, the magistrate boldly answered, "I know that, but you have a cousin who can," and by the custom of the country he could not refuse the responsibility of his relative's punishment, but was obliged to produce the sum required.

You see, there is some excuse for a man's not wearing himself out in hard work which goes to fill the pockets of another. The way our officials

behave is a curse to the country; everyone wishes to gain office with the idea that he will live at ease, profiting by the toils of others.

When a magistrate used to come through our village, riding on his unicycle, a sort of half-bicycle, with porters to trundle him before and behind, everybody was expected to show great respect; and his attendants would rush into the crowd, beating the people over back and shins, knocking them in the face with their fans, and smashing their pipes if they did not stop smoking. They used to tell us that it was good for poor people to be beaten, and we supposed it must be, though we did not quite see how.

But you must not think all our governors were bad and unjust. One of our judges was a very good man, who, in spite of the insufficiency of his pay, took from us as little as possible. When he left, after the usual three years of office, we asked to be allowed to erect a tablet in his honour, and outside our village under a roof of tiles we put up a great slab of stone, with a short Chinese inscription about his virtues. I have seen some places where such tablets formed a regular avenue on both sides of the road.

You ask me if we went to chapel? Dear little folk, your missionaries have told me how you in the home lands collect money to send the good news of Jesus and His love to us poor and ignorant heathen. I have learnt about Him now when my hair is getting white, and I know what it is to love God; but when I was a little boy we had never heard of Him, and my whole heart was full of fear. While I was still quite small my parents showed me the tablet on which were inscribed the names of my dead grand-parents and great grand-parents. We first spread a little banquet before the tablet, and then, imitating my father, I put my hands together and bowed to the earth, kneeling down and knocking the ground with my head. My father said that the spirits dined off the odour, but when we arose and feasted ourselves on what was left it seemed to me none the worse because our ancestors had been satisfied with the shadow

while we had the substance. Then it was explained that to worship these ancestors of ours was dutiful and pious, and that only very wicked people neglected the duty; but I was horribly afraid that if I did not worship them aright they would be angry and would plague me and give me bad luck. We used to go to their graves out on the hill sides and tend them carefully, praying them to treat us well and give us prosperity. Round the graves of the rich were set figures of stone or wood to frighten evil spirits away; our terror was so great that for the same purpose we carved our milestones to look like ugly men with prominent teeth and bristly moustaches.

Of course English children can never be afraid of ghosts, for they have learnt of God and Jesus Christ our Lord.

On the hill facing the village was a tree which we covered with rags and bits of coloured paper in order to attract and appease the spirit whom we believed to live there. Each one of us in passing by used to throw a stone under it in the firm belief that with the stone we threw away any ill luck that might be dogging our footsteps. So, too, in cholera time we stretched strings across the road gay with fluttering fragments from which we hung prayers imploring the cholera demons to spare us.

It was at the New Year time that we were most particular about securing good luck. On the first full moon of the year we used to utter prayers or put up offerings before shrines on which were painted pictures of spirits, and used to ask for freedom from misfortune. In recent times, since your countrymen have traded with us, the offerings are often very strangely assorted; you would laugh to see a good Corcan sword lying next to a Waterbury watch, while an old disused pair of goloshes lies behind! On that day we were careful to fly a specially big kite, and when it was in mid-heaven, to cut the string, supposing that as it flew away it carried off all our bad fortune.

My father once made an image of straw to represent himself, putting in *side a few small pieces* of money. He gave it to a neighbour's boy who, as



/ COREAN GENERAL.

you may expect, ripped it open to get the contents, then, taking it away, threw it down at the cross roads just outside the village where the country folk kicked it to pieces, much to my father's joy, for he thought that the more the straw was mauled the more completely was he freed from mishap. Another curious custom peculiar to that fifteenth day of the first moon, was that a man, walking along the road, would speak to a passer-by in hope that the stranger would answer him, and thus carry off the ill luck upon his own shoulders. The newcomer would of course go on in search of another on whom to lay their united misfortunes, and so on ; alas for the last victim !

One evening the whole of the village was flooded with brilliant moonlight, but gradually a darkness began to fall upon us which I didn't understand, till, looking up into the sky, I saw to my horror a mark like a great round bite taken out of the moon. I ran to my father, who at once called all the village to the rescue. He told me that repeatedly before the great dog in the sky had tried to swallow the moon, but had always been successfully scared away. So we all set to beating gongs and shouting, firing off blunderbusses and making any noise we could ; sure enough, to my great relief, after a while the moon sailed away, all the brighter for having been in the monster's maw. I daresay you will laugh at us for our silly fancy about eclipses, but then we hadn't learnt what you do at school.

Far in the north, where our land borders on Manchuria, there is a great white mountain which forms the boundary of the two countries for many miles. An old legend has it that a mighty spirit dwells there who gave birth to our race. The colour of the range is caused by the whitish hue of its rocks, but our fathers always told us it was due to snow which veiled the spirit's home even during the warmest days of summer. The hunters and country folk round were in dreadful terror of this spirit, and when they encamped on the mountain, before beginning their meal, would cook *a little rice and spread it out on the rocks as an offering.* Nothing would

tempt them to mount to the top; it was whispered that one daring man had done so, but the enraged spirit made his neck suddenly grow a yard longer and sent him down as a warning to others. An Englishman, however, not long ago climbed to the summit and even persuaded a few servants to go with him, and as I never heard that any of them suddenly grew long-necked, I think the terror of the spirit must be lessened.

We worship these spirits, the sprites and gnomes of hill and stream, of earth and sky, and our worship is founded entirely on fear. We reverence Confucius and our ancestors, in some places we worship Buddhist idols, but deeper than all is the abject fear of these ghosts.

The Bible tells me that "fear hath torment," but that "perfect love casteth out fear," and I can thank God and bear witness that this is true. It is partly because of our fear of disturbing our ancestors' graves and the genii of the earth that we are so unwilling to open mines. Some of your learned men tell us that our country is rich in minerals. Many of our people spend all their time in washing for gold in the beds of our rivers, but they do it so clumsily that they only earn a few pence a day. In one place they dig a little coal. It is very good, and burns without smoke, we burn even its dust after making it into balls with clay; though I believe there is a good seam below, the same fear keeps us from digging more than surface-holes which are at once refilled with rubble. There is splendid iron ore near by, but up to the present superstition not only prevents Government from mining itself, but also from allowing others to make the attempt.

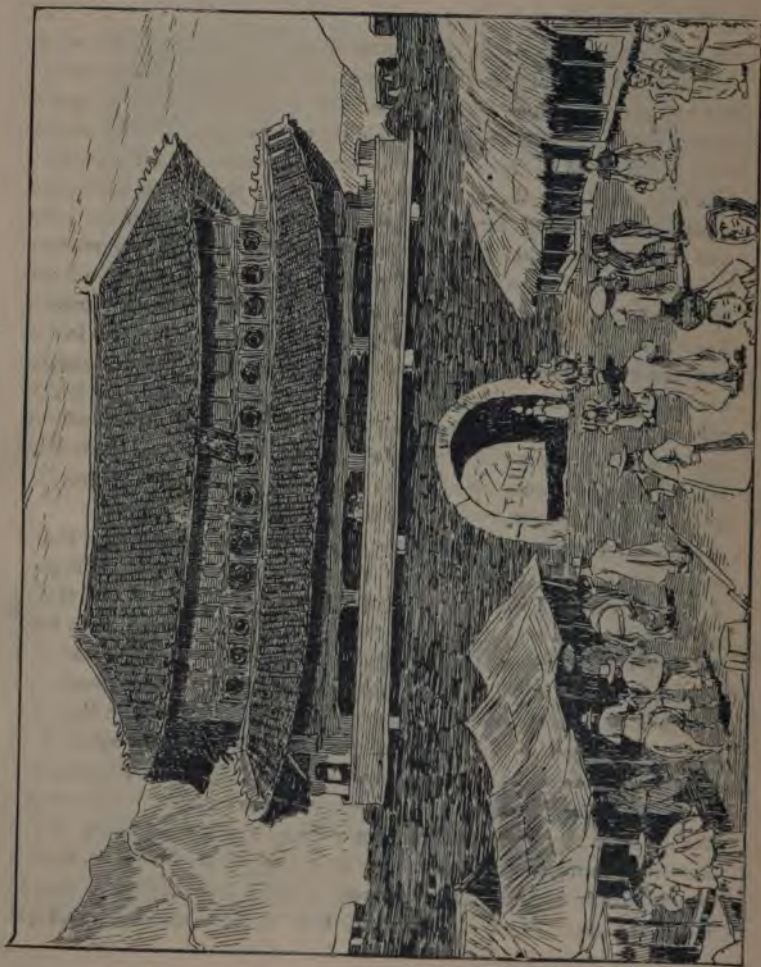
But I must go on with the story of my life. When I was about fourteen years old, my father began to think it time for me to be betrothed. He said nothing to me about it, but went one day to the house of a friend who had a little girl about my age, and the matter was settled after a good deal of talk. You know in our country we don't say anything straight out, and have done with it. We talk about all sorts of things all round the world, and then quite by accident touch upon the subject about which



A COREAN GIRL.

we have come, then we go off to something else and leave the whole matter delicately wrapped up in many envelopes of words. After settling the matter, my father came home, and sent my mother to pay a preliminary call; soon after I was told that I was engaged. You may be sure I was proud, for from that time I was to consider myself a man. I was only small, but the barber was sent for, my pigtail was unbraided, a piece about the size of a crown was shaven on the front of my head, and my hair was gathered up in a little horn-like knot as you see me wear it now; the *mangon*, a band of horse-hair about two inches broad, was brought to me and tied tight round my forehead, as the sign of manhood. I bought a big black horse-hair hat, just like the one I am wearing to-day, put on a man's flowing coat, took a long pipe and smoked it, and swaggered about, languidly fluttering my fan. All my old playmates were boys, I was a man; henceforth they and all the world were expected to address me by a grand name, as I was a full grown "Mr." I have seen little fellows of twelve lounging about as men, while bachelors of thirty, too poor to marry, were still wearing their hair in a boy's pigtail.

Soon after this my teacher began to encourage me with hopes that I might some day pass the public examinations and take my degree. Accordingly when I was seventeen years of age it was decided that I should go up to Soüi to compete. You can guess what a change it was for a country bred boy like me to go up to a great city with a quarter of a million people in it. We had heard wonderful stories of its pleasures and its grandeur, how the mandarins felt themselves banished when they had to go into the country to take up office, and how joyfully they returned to the city as often as their duties permitted them. My mother made great preparations for my departure. My long coat was washed till it was white as the driven snow, and for hours I could hear the sharp tapping of the little wooden mallets with which she beat every square inch of it, until it was spotlessly lustrous. My best vest of pink lay ready to be donned inside the coat. From the farmyard they brought eggs for me and tied



SOUTH GATE OF SOUL.

them carefully in the twisted folds of a long rope of straw, so that I should have food by the way which I could carry conveniently. We were poor folk, but by dint of appealing to our friends I had quite a long string of cash with which to pay my expenses. Have you ever seen our money? it is made with a square hole in the middle so that we can carry it on a string, and it takes more than twenty coins to equal one of your English pennies. But I was accustomed to frugal living, often had I had nothing but a cucumber or two for a meal, so that my needs were small, and I was able to travel without being overburdened by the weight of much copper.

Had I been wealthier I should have liked to ride one of the surefooted little ponies, or to have hired a sedan-chair borne by two coolies, but my poverty compelled me to walk. The road was only a track, and sometimes in the worst places the people had been too lazy to make a road at all, and we had to clamber from boulder to boulder or else wade through mud. After days of travel we drew near to Souï. There, stretching two miles square, lay the great city wall with its battlements and loopholes. On its top, thirty feet from the ground, and sheltered by its embrasures, soldiers could stand with their bows, looking down on the plain, and waiting to pour their arrows on the advancing foe.

Our road went sweeping up to the great South Gate; on each side were the low huts of the small traders and eating-houses for the refreshment of weary travellers. The gate itself was surmounted by a huge double roof with curving eaves; beneath this roof is a guard-house used for soldiers or for storing away coffins or such gear. Such crowded streets I had never seen. I think if you had been with me you would have been most struck by the size and shape of the hats worn by the people. All the men wear the *mangon* which I told you every boy puts on when he becomes a man. Over this those who have taken their degrees wear a high horse-hair conical hat, and outside of that again the brimmed high hat in which you now see me—three hats one on the top of another!



THE KING AND CROWN PRINCE OF COREA.

When these scholars occupy posts in the palace they have a couple of small wings like ears opening out of their hats behind to shew that their ears are open to hear what their king commands them. The king wears the same hat, as you can see in his picture, but his ear-wings are folded up, for there is no one to whose commands he has to listen. A huge round hat adorned with plush balls is the mark of a military officer. Some of our hats are almost like umbrellas. I have often seen one four feet across, and in the north the women have them so large that they have to walk holding them on their heads with both hands. We might almost say "There goes a hat with a woman under it." I needn't describe the dress of the men to you, because you are looking at me; I may say, however, that when winter comes I shall have my robes well padded with cotton wool, and my very best clothes are lined with fur. No gentleman would consider himself completely dressed without his long pipe; which fashion demands that a servant should carry behind him. The greater the man, the longer the pipe; an official will have a pipe so long that he never dreams of trying to light it himself.

The women are dressed very much like the men, with the addition of a small skirt falling down below the knee. Girls are fond of pink or blue, but the general colour is pure white. I have been told by foreigners that our women are not graceful, certainly they look baggy; but let me ask you, if fashion demanded that *you* should put on three pairs of trousers one outside the other, how would you look? But you mustn't expect to see many women in the streets. While in the villages and among the poor women are obliged to go out and work, among the rich and in the towns ladies are kept entirely secluded from the sight of men. If you do meet a woman of the better class a sort of coat of green or blue pulled over her head will prevent you from seeing more than her eyes. If you could peep at her you would see that her face is powdered with rice paste to make it look white. Both she and her husband are proud of their white, shapely, neatly kept hands, for this is the mark that they have no work to do, and *they have the silly idea that to work with their hands is a degradation.*



THE EAST STREET OF SOUL THE CAPITAL OF KOREA.

When a dame of high degree wishes to go out, a servant summons the coolies, who deposit the sedan-chair in the courtyard and discreetly retire. Her ladyship is then ushered into the chair, squats down in it, and lowers the blind; the coolies are summoned afresh, and carry her through the streets to the house of some friend, where the same process must be gone through before she can leave her conveyance. So carefully are the women secluded that I have heard of an Englishman who, in travelling right across our country, met only a single lady in the course of all his travels.

One custom arising from this seclusion is that at a certain hour in the evening a great bell tolls in the city, something like that your ancestors called the "curfew," after which all men have to stay in doors on pain of imprisonment in order that the ladies may be free to go out for exercise or visits.

The result is that our city is exceedingly quiet at night; no sound is heard save from the two or three soldiers patrolling the streets, and the watchman rattling his stick with its bits of metal in order that thieves may know he is coming. I daresay you won't be surprised to hear that very few thieves are ever caught. I think, if I were a thief, I should be much obliged to the watchman for letting me know when he was approaching.

How matters have been going since this war commenced I cannot say: but in the old times just as the dusk fell a beacon fire used to be lighted on a hill not far away, then another, then another and another, and we knew that all through the country those beacons were spreading the news that another day had closed in peace and that all was well. I fear those fires must have been unlighted for months past.

But I was going to tell you about my examination. I carefully made my preparations, and found myself one of a great crowd going to the courtyard of the palace. I remember how hot it was; tents had been pitched by those rich enough, others rested under the shade of great umbrellas, while I, with many others too poor to afford such luxuries, had

no other shelter than that afforded by a fan stuck in the collar of my robe. You English-children little know what a trial it is to sit on the ground writing all day exposed to a fierce Eastern sun.

The scene was very gay ; soldiers were strolling about smoking and fanning themselves, supposed to be on guard to prevent cheating ; high officials were there with their train of followers, traders with necessities for the examination, with food or drink, were hard at work disposing of their wares. Then the subjects for the essays were given out, and we all set to work to write. Any one might enter for this examination, boys with bright eyes, smooth cheeks and braided pigtails, and trembling old men with the lines left by many years upon their faces, peasants and nobles, there was no restriction.

Near by me, comfortably writing under a huge umbrella, was an older man well known in the city as a good scholar ; three candidates who could not compete themselves had each paid him a certain sum of money on condition that he should write an essay and send it in as theirs. Accordingly he wrote three different essays—and one of them gained a prize and won office for the man whose name was on it ! What would you in England say to an examination like that ?

When we had done, we folded our essays neatly and each threw his on a great heap lying in front of the king's platform. From this great pile the best were supposed to be selected, and those which the king finally picked out were adjudged the prizes. I am sorry to say the best were not always sure of winning, for the man who made a present of a hundred thousand cash (about £20) to the high officials of the court often managed somehow to get his essay finally chosen and thus secured appointment to a magistracy.

My essay was not among the successful, but as I was only seventeen I knew that I had many more chances, and did not take it much to heart, and indeed after competing several times I finally had the good fortune to *be chosen to the dignity of a doctor of literature*. It is easy to picture



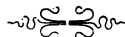
A COREAN FUNERAL.

how glad they were to hear of my success at home. If you could go there with me you would see near the house a memorial raised in my honour. It is the trunk of a tree thirty feet high painted like a barber's pole; on its top rests a 'huge dragon, twenty feet long, with a mouth like a crocodile's, from which hang some brass bells and a wooden fish. All the countryside knows the honour signified by that strange structure.

Of course my studies and my position led to my settling in Soül. My parents were proud of me, but that didn't prevent them from growing old, and at last news was brought me of my father's serious illness. On going home I found the exorcists and conjurors beating gongs and howling with the hope of casting out the evil spirit that was causing the old man's sickness. Soon after my arrival he died; whether his death was caused by the noise they made or from the disease I cannot say. In Corea when a man dies we think it a punishment not to him but to the friends who are left. We know nothing about Heaven, but still we have a vague idea that we are going somewhere after death. When my father died my mother and sisters all began to wail and shriek so that they could be heard all over the village; that particular kind of wailing at once tells everyone that death has visited some home. When after two or three days we buried him, you would scarcely have known me in my mourning dress. I was covered with coarse sackcloth; on my head I had a huge straw hat like a large beehive completely covering my face. In my hand I held a little three-sided screen or fan which I kept close to my mouth for fear the evil spirits might enter and spoil my digestion. We dignified the funeral by hiring a few extra women to wail. And with such pomp and ceremony as we could afford we bore him to his grave on the hill side.

That grave is always neatly tended now, but no one goes to do homage there. The neighbours think it terribly sad, but I have quite made up my mind that I will never worship my father's spirit. Shall I tell you why? Not many years ago a medical missionary came to our country. *Though not allowed to preach*, he took the opportunity of gaining th

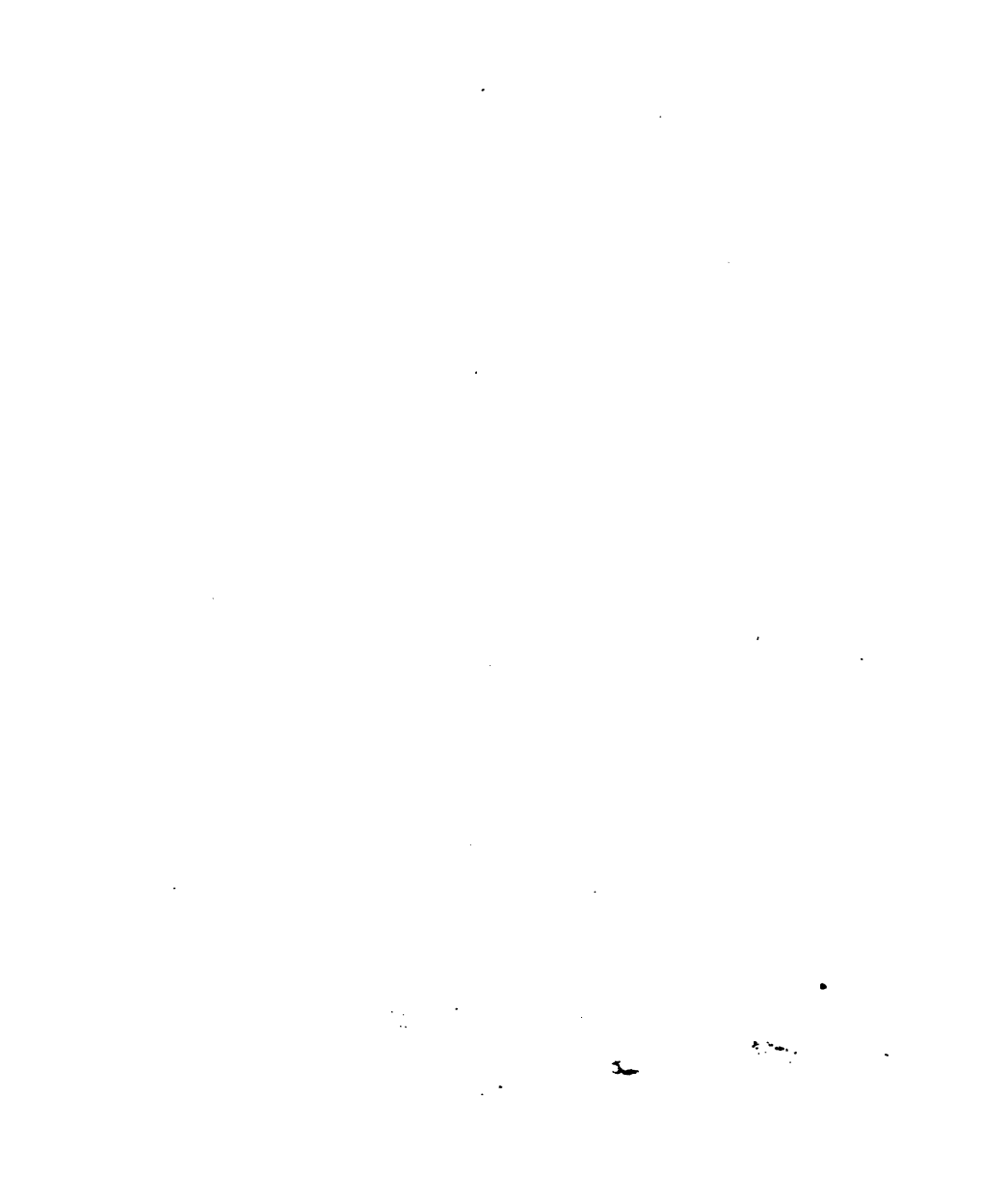
people's confidence, healing their diseases and so winning his way that when some time after there was a riot in the palace and one of the royal family was wounded, this missionary was called in as the medical attendant. The way having been thus opened, other missionaries followed, and the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ was preached. I wouldn't listen for a long time, but at last Jesus found me and I learnt to love Him. I can't be a magistrate now because I am a Christian, but I am glad to suffer for His sake, and as I travel about I hope to tell my friends how bright a thing it is to serve Him. My aim in telling you about my native land has been to gain your interest and prayer, that you may share with me in the work of casting out evil spirits and grim idols and bringing my fellow countrymen to the Saviour, and then I have no doubt at all that one day over the land of the Morning Calm will shine One who calls Himself the Bright and Morning Star, and His bright beams will make an end of darkness even in Corea.





A COREAN LADY.

C. E. ROBERTS & CO., LONDON.





JAPANESE CHILDREN AT PLAY.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM AND THE RISING SUN.

A SKETCH OF LIFE IN JAPAN
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY THE

Rev. W. T. A. BARBER, M.A.



London:

CHARLES H. KELLY, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.
AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

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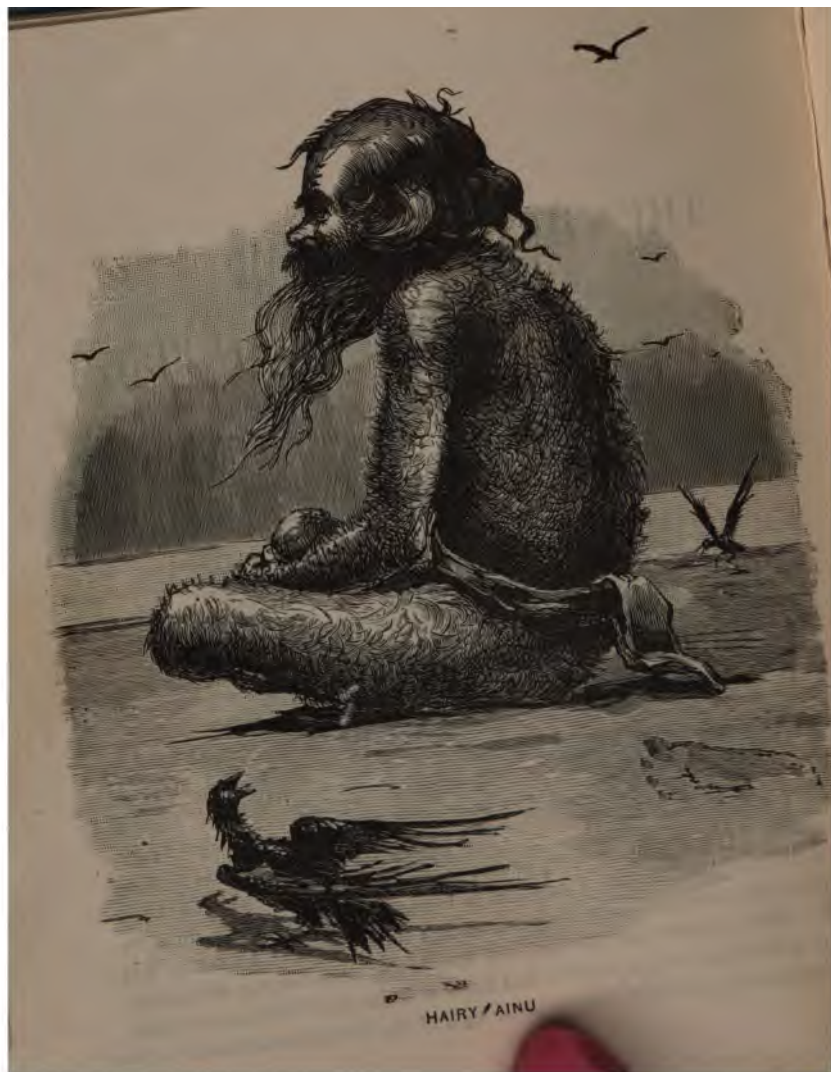
THE CHRYSANTHEMUM AND THE RISING SUN.

A SKETCH OF LIFE IN JAPAN.



COME with me, boys and maidens; let us leave behind old England, and take a ride through the air till in the twinkling of an eye we are in a land where people, with their robes and sashes, their tea-houses and their swords, seem just to have walked out of the fans we have so often seen. We have crossed the world in our airy ride, and left America far behind, looking like a crumpled paper map with a great streak of snow to show

where the Rocky Mountains are; two oceans, whose names you know well, the Atlantic and Pacific, have heaved beneath our feet until we reach the island shores of the vanguard of Asia. Here is a country that has always looked out over the great Pacific and seen the sun rising from its unbounded mist, a country that knew of China and Russia to the west, but never heard, till a few centuries ago, of the far off continents to the



HAIRY AINU

east. For that reason it called itself the Land of the Rising Sun, or, as we say, twisting our mouths to pronounce Chinese sounds, Ja-pan. Two or three thousand years ago, shipwrecked mariners and others came from the shores of Asia and the islands of Malaysia to be the first dwellers in Japan. Those first to come were very different from the later, for they were hairy and big and strong. Their descendants were called *Ainu*, and they live in the north of the Islands. They themselves have a legend that one of their ancestors was a great black dog, and that's the reason that their beards are so long and that their bodies are so hairy.

When the later immigrants came they conquered the Ainus, and drove them to the far end of the country, just as the Saxons and the Angles drove the Britons into Cornwall and Wales long ago. The new comers were small and delicate, with yellowish skins and slanted eyes; but they were brave and clever, and so they got the better of the poor Ainus and have looked down upon them ever since.

Long before we heard of them the Japanese had an Emperor, whom they called *Mikado*; they said he was the child of the great Sun-goddess they saw coming every day all bright and clean from her bath in boundless ocean, and therefore they almost worshipped him. His sons and grandsons and great-grandsons followed him upon the throne, and they never wanted to change their dynasty; so that the Japanese children have not to learn of separate reigning families like Stuart and Brunswick, Plantagenet and Tudor, as you have to do. I'm afraid that the kings of England never thought how much trouble they were giving to English children when they dethroned each other or died without descendants. You see the children of the Sun-goddess were more thoughtful, and the Emperor that rules to-day says that he is the hundred and thirty-third generation from his first ancestor on the throne! I fancy he must be doing what some boys and girls do—*exaggerating*; but anyhow his family is certainly the oldest reigning family in all the world.

The Emperor has a crest and, either because he wanted to draw a picture of the Sun, or because he liked the chrysanthemums which make the Japanese autumn gay with blue and gold, pink and crimson and blue, he chose a golden chrysanthemum with sixteen petals. Everywhere on



THE EMPEROR.



THE HEIR APPARENT.

palaces and uniforms may be seen this gold chrysanthemum; and now you know why this little book is called

“THE CHRYSANTHEMUM
AND THE RISING SUN.”

Well, as time went on there came about in Japan a *feudal system*. Your histories tell you what that was in France and England, and it was



NAGOYA CASTLE.

nearly the same in this far off land. There were *daimyos* or great lords who lived in their castles, and *hatamotos* or local lords; then there were

samurai, scholars and gentlemen, who had the privilege of wearing two swords and who owed fealty to their lords. When the *daimyos* passed by with their *samurai*, clad in armour and looking very grand, all the poor peasants had to bow down to the very earth, and scarcely dared to look till they all had gone. These common people were divided into farmers, workmen, and tradesmen; and underneath these were beggars and *etas*, degraded beings who tanned hides, dug graves, executed criminals, in fact were set to do all the nasty, dirty work, and then, because they did it, were not allowed to come inside other people's houses or to have anything to do with them; they were outcasts and pariahs.

The commander-in-chief was called the *Shogun*, and was chosen by the Emperor. After a while one great house of nobles grew so strong that they made themselves *Shogun*, and handed down the dignity in their own family without waiting to be appointed. They grew stronger and stronger till the other lords used to have to do homage to them, while the Emperor lived in Kyoto, the capital, and really had no power at all. He was just like a very fine bird kept in a golden cage—very ornamental, but not at all useful or free.



A JAPANESE WARRIOR—OLD STYLE.



BEEN as your young eyes are, I am sure that you have already noticed that all along I have been saying *was* and *were* instead of *is* and *are*. And your grammars say *was* is past tense, and the past tense means that something took place at a time already gone by. So I must tell you that all I have said is really altered now. Less than thirty years ago Japan was changed.

The Shogun was deposed, the great lords renounced their exclusive privileges, the Emperor came out from his gilded cage and received all the power into his own hands, the *samurai* gave up their suits of armour and their swords, and the common people were freed from oppression and fear; Englishmen and other foreigners were allowed to come into the country to trade, and Japanese were allowed to go abroad; steamships and men-of-war were bought and built, soldiers and sailors were dressed and trained like Europeans; scholars began to learn English and science and mathematics; old Japan passed away, and it looked as though all things were to become new.

There! that *was* a long sentence, rolling up a great revolution all between two full stops; and yet I think it is the best way to show how quickly and completely things did change in Japan.

Before that, foreigners couldn't live there, and the Japanese could not go abroad. The reason was this: two hundred and fifty years before some Portuguese Romanist missionaries came to Japan under the lead of a great and good man named Francis Xavier. You see, some Romanists really are great and good, although they do things which we



A NATIVE CHRISTIAN GOING TO DEATH.

are sure are foolish and blind, and which it would be very wrong of us to do. Xavier and his missionaries preached, and thousands of Japanese became Romanist Christians; but the worst of it was that the priests did wrong, and were mixed up with some scheme to bring in soldiers from the West and to seize the country. Spaniards, who were jealous of the Portuguese, made out the matter to be worse than it really was, and the heathen priests, who were afraid of Christianity, fanned the flames of suspicion by many lies. The Japanese had never thought of such a thing as driving away their Sun-born Emperor; and when the plot was found out, they were very angry, expelled the priests, and persecuted the native Christians.

A few months ago I saw a rocky island, crowned with trees in the beautiful, hill-girt harbour of Nagasaki, and I found out that from the precipices of that island thousands and thousands of converts, rather than give up their faith, were thrown, mangled and dying, into the sea beneath. We may love and pity these poor people who suffered for the faith which they believed to be true. But the great folk in Japan were so horrified at the rebellion which they thought would have sprung from the teachings of the priests, that they published a decree, that as long as the sun should rise and set the hateful Christian religion should never be taught on their shores, nor should any Japanese go to a foreign land on pain of death.

It was at the revolution of which I told you that this was altered; and though they were suspicious for a long time, yet Protestant missionaries came from England and America until they understood that they need fear no plots and conspiracies from them. At the present time Christianity is free in the land, and more than thirty thousand Japanese love and worship the Lord Jesus Christ.


And now that I have told you something of the history of the land, I want you really to see it. I wish you could see it as I saw it only a few months ago. Oh! such a pretty, smiling, winsome land, and such pretty, winsome, smiling little people. Look well at the pictures in this little

book, and then shut your eyes tightly while somebody reads aloud what I am going to say, and then perhaps you will be able to see something like it with an eye somewhere inside you. You know, don't you? what eye I mean. Its name is *Imagination*, but that eye must be trained and taught what it is to see. Alice, when she went to Wonderland, went behind the looking-glass. We want to go to Japan-land; if only the looking-glass would turn into a fan, perhaps we might see as much as she did.

Here is a Japanese street. What tiny people! The men are little more than five feet high; some of them are dressed just as I am, in coat and trousers and hard felt hat, with their stubbly coarse hair cut short, but they do not look at all nice. Those yonder are the true Japanese, with a light robe, something like a dressing gown; underneath, except in cold weather, they haven't much on beside a loin-cloth, and a pair of tight-fitting elastic long stockings, with a separate little bag for the big toe, leaving a place for the thong of their clumsy sandals or clattering clogs. The head is shaven in the middle, and the hair behind is gathered up into a short little pig-tail, that is carefully glued and gathered into a small bundle at the back.

Behind the men walk the women and the girls. You see it is the idea in Japan as in China, and as in old Rome, that a woman is subject first to her parents, then to her husband, and then to her son, but always *subject*; and so she walks *behind* her lord. Her hair is done up in glossy black masses, which are far too elaborate to be taken down every night; if she is a matron, her teeth are carefully blacked, and perhaps her eyebrows shaved. Her gown is the same in shape as a man's, but round her waist she wears a broad sash, which is kept in place by a sort of dress-improver behind; on her feet are the same one-toed sock and sandals, and tucked securely on her back in a strap or else the fold of her gown, is a little round-headed, sleepy-eyed baby, whom nothing at all disturbs.

A little girl by her side is just a small copy of her mother, and ten to *one* a smaller baby is tucked in on her small back, and hangs on with its



little head rolling backwards and forwards as though it would drop off.
Oh ! so pretty are the girls, with bright faces, perpetual sunshine in their



MOTHER AND CHILD.

smiles and perpetual music in their cooing voices, with winsome ways and courtesy, the most unselfish little folk you see all round the world. And

when they love the Lord Jesus Christ they make splendid Christians too; for I saw one girl of seventeen who led a class of her school-fellows, and wouldn't hear of marrying the heathen boy her parents had provided for her, notwithstanding all the persecution that they heaped upon her.

The strange thing about the girls is, that when they stop being girls, they become old women at once; you see, a pretty peach that grows in a hothouse fades so quickly.

Here is a *jin-riki-sha*, a sort of light donkey-carriage with a man instead of a donkey! Its name is Chinese, and means man-strength-carriage, or, as some one translated it, "pull-man-car." If you want to go anywhere you jump into one of these, and the little coolie who drags it rushes away with you at a rattling rate, laughing and chattering, wiping the sweat from his shiny brown face, escaping another carriage by a sudden turn and the shave of a wheel, stopping with a whirl and a flourish at the house to which you want to go, and bowing low when you give him fourpence for an hour's ride! There are thousands of these *jin-riki-shas* in the great cities, and when the night is falling and each one lights his paper lantern, it looks like fairy-land with flitting radiant butterflies all along the busy streets.

On both sides are the one-storied shops, looking just like dolls' houses, so neat, so clean, so slight, you almost feel as though you mustn't sit down too hard or else you'll bring the house down. The frames are made of wood, and the divisions for the rooms are by paper screens which slide in and out of grooves. How very convenient to be able to slide four rooms into one with a touch or two of the hand! On the carefully polished wood of the floor are inch-thick mats spotlessly clean, all made of one regular size, so that folk build their houses to suit the mats and not the mats to suit the houses. When you go inside, the first thing to do is to take your boots off for fear you should spoil the cleanness. In truth, I don't know what English children would do in Japan. The Japanese *boys and girls are merry little things, always laughing, always playing*

but in a sober, decorous way that never needs roughness to enjoy itself. The fact is they are always having earthquakes, and build their houses slight, so that, if they are thrown down, it doesn't matter much; if children want to play roughly, they must do it out of doors or else they would kick through the walls or drag the stairs to pieces! Some think that's the reason Japanese children are so polite and quiet; but I fancy it is because their bodies are not so strong and their spirits not so high, and I'm sure your parents wouldn't like you to be quiet as they are if that is the price they would have to pay.

Now let us follow one of these children into a shop where we have business. We slip off our boots and walk in stockings on the clean floor; then the shopman comes forward and he bows quite low—much lower than you ever bowed in all your life; often he bows till his forehead really touches the ground, and he stays bowing so long that you feel quite uncomfortable and try to bow as low in return. In runs a girl from the kitchen and on her knees presents the customer with a tiny cup of bitter tea, and you squat down on the floor—if you are clever enough to manage it—and sip tea while you chat. All round the shop are dainty porcelain cups and saucers, bowls and vases, or silks, or screens, or fans, and you want to say, “Oh, do look at *that*!” all the time. Perhaps it is a pretty little tea-set on which you set your heart; so the shopkeeper reaches it down and dusts it while he asks two yen. If he says that, you know it is worth about one, and so you offer him half a yen; he says one yen and a half and laughs, and you laugh and offer three quarters. He declares that you will ruin him and that he can't possibly charge less; so you offer him one yen, which you know is the fair price, and you prepare to go away. Just as you turn the street corner he rushes after you, and gives you the tea-set at the price you have offered. And you go off with your cheap bargain, having paid one yen, or three shillings—and ten minutes—while the shopkeeper is equally happy with his money. Is that not a strange way of doing business? Yet all over the East where time is of



MORNING GREETINGS.

no value, no business seems to be business at all unless time is wasted over it.

Perhaps the shopkeeper will invite us into his house. If so, let us go in; there is the clean room all empty, the furniture is stowed away in cupboards behind the sliding panels; nothing can we see except the clean floor and its mats and the paper-covered screens, with here and there a painted spray of flowers or a vase standing on a pedestal. If it be cold weather there will be a little earthen charcoal stove where water is always simmering and where live coals are always useful for lighting the tiny tobacco pipes which men and women use and which will only give about a whiff and a half at a time. At the back, framed in the open room-side when the screens are slidden back, we can see the little garden with its tiny pond, its tiny rocks, its tiny trees, its goldfish, fair blooms of azalea and wistaria—all tiny, just as the children are, miniature editions of reality.

When it is meal-time we can see the rice brought out in the big pot from the kitchen and the meal set out either on a low stool-table or on the floor; the whole family gathers round, each seizes his pair of little chopsticks and takes a little bean or cabbage or egg, then shovels great mouthfuls of rice in to swallow it down with. Most of them are very poor, and can't often afford meat.

After business is done everybody has his bath, and washes away the dust of the day. When some of you were small, you didn't at all like your bath, and used to cry when the time came; but Japanese children take theirs as a matter of course. I'm sure you never saw such people as these for bathing. Why, they often go into the bath five times a day, and they like the water as hot as they can bear it. All the good houses have baths, with charcoal fires underneath by which they can be warmed; if people are too poor to have them in their own houses, they can go to the public baths, of which there are hundreds in the big cities. In these and in the inns it is always "first come, first served"; and as each bath costs



THE EVENING MEAL.

only about a halfpenny, and they can't afford to change the water often, I think I should like to bathe first rather than last, shouldn't you?

Often in the country places you will see whole crowds of men, women, and children, all in the bath together, and the only way not to be shocked is to try to think it reminds you of the Garden of Eden! In one place up in the hills, where there are hot springs, it is a fact that people stay in the bath for a month at a time, with a stone in their laps to prevent them from floating away while they are sleeping, and the keeper of the baths just stays in the whole winter because it is the most comfortable place he knows! I'm afraid you and I wouldn't be quite content with a holiday like that.

But there! While we have been talking about the people bathing, we have wandered ever so far from the house where we were looking in. The bath over, the father and mother settle down to spend the evening with the children; perhaps lessons have to be learnt by heart, repeated aloud in a high nasal twang; then come games of chess or cards, or fairy tales are read or told until bed-time comes. It seems to me that the children must get a good deal spoiled; for they never are whipped at home or at school, and really they seem to get just whatever they want. Japan has been called a "Paradise of Babies," and it is said that the children are so gently treated that they never want to disobey; but I fear we shall find it hard to believe that. I'm afraid that after what you have read here some of you will wish you had been little Japanese children instead of English; but of course it is only naughty boys and girls who could ever wish to be away from the kind rule and firmness of the parents who love them and train them to obey.

So the children generally don't go to bed until their parents do. Then the outer shutters are slid down, the house is boxed in, the sliding panels are thrust aside, and where you would never have guessed it are cupboards; from these cupboards are brought out wadded quilts and bamboo

And here is another :

TAILOR NATIVE GOUNTRY,
 DRAPER, MILLINER, AND LADIES' OUTFITTER.
 THE RIBBONS, THE LACES, THE VEILS, THE FEELINGS.

And here is a letter :

" Saga, August 18th.

Dear Sir,—

I am very glad to hear that you and your family are very well, and I am also quite well as usual, but my grandfather's disease is very severe, without changing as customary. I fear that it is a long time since I have pay a visit to you. I wish your pardon to get away my remote crime. We have only a few hot in Saga as well as summer is over, and we feel to be very cool in morning and evening. Sometimes we have an earthquake here at now, but the mens was afright no more.

I grieves that a terrible accident took place in the School of Military Saga. The story of it, a scholar had put to death some colleague with a great stick on the floor, and a doctor of anatomy dissected immediately with dead disciple, then all pupils of school were now in question its matter in the judgement seat; but do not it decide yet.

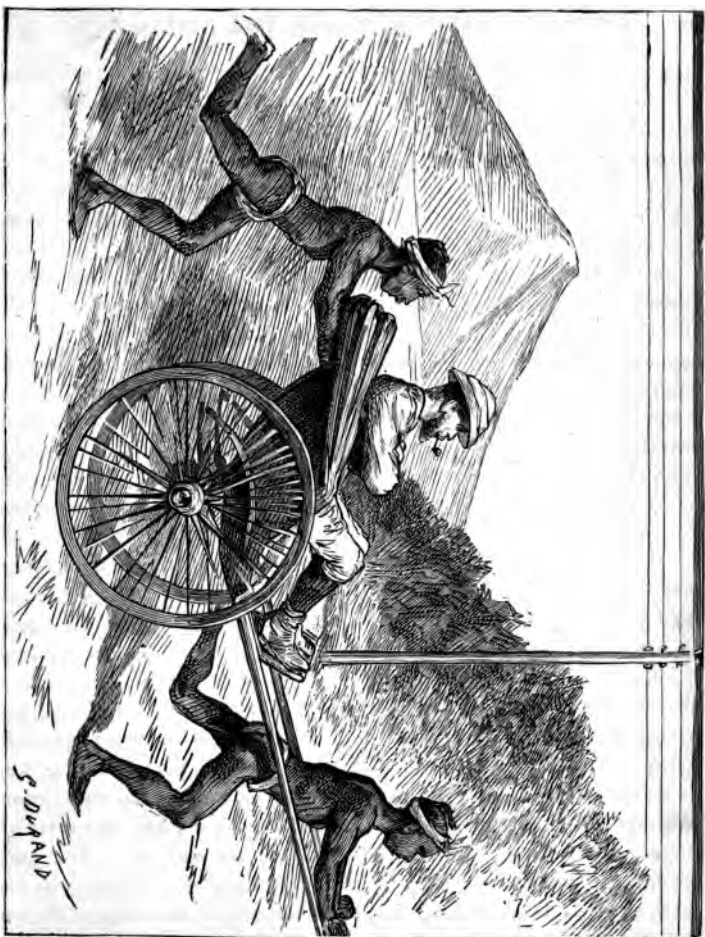
Unequivocal matter would speak you of kind letter.

I am, etc.,

K. TANAKA.

But we mustn't think that all make mistakes like this, for many of the clever Japanese can speak and write English just as well as we can.

Now let us leave the shops with tempting silks and porcelain, the miles of houses, and hundreds of thousands of people, in order to see a little of the country. There are good roads now, and you can go by rail a long way or else you can take a jin-riki-sha; your cheerful little coolie will



A FOREIGNER IN JIN-RIKI-SHA.

drag you thirty or forty miles a day. Here you will pass a pack-horse, with his burden towering up on his back, carefully balanced on the two sides for fear of dire overthrow; here a huge draught-ox, the only huge live thing beside fat wrestlers, in all Japan. It is so curious to see the men at work in the fields. Their outer robe is so inconvenient that they can't work in it and throw it off; and you would be quite surprised to see that nearly all the full-grown men's whole dress in summer isn't much bigger than a postage stamp, while, of course, the boys are not so well dressed as that! Their crops are corn, or rice, or cotton, or tea. The hills are beautiful and green with lakes and rivers and waterfalls, feathery bamboos or stately cryptomerias more than a hundred feet high, azaleas painting the slopes with white and red, crimson and mauve, wistaria lading the breezes with fragrance as they whisper by, a beautiful, beautiful land. And in the background there soars up into the clear blue sky a snow-mantled peak, 13,000 feet high, swelling right from the plain into a perfect cone of dazzling purest white. This is the sacred mountain Fujiyama. If you have a Japanese cabinet in the drawing-room, you will be almost sure to find Fujiyama painted on it somewhere. The Japanese really almost worship it, and are proud to paint it and carve it on all their works of art. Some of the simpler among them worship the great mountain itself; others associate it with the spirit of a departed hero, and worship it for him. You see, because in early times they did not know about God, they worshipped the things that He had made which seemed to them too great to understand, and they bowed to the Sun and to the Spirit of the Waterfall and the Mountain. Pilgrims pass us on the road as we are looking at the glorious peak; they have come with their curious bowl-like hats and their knapsacks from far to worship, and there are stages of the ascent prepared for them all the way up. Until quite recently no woman was allowed to ascend Fujiyama. Those who can reach the mountain's summit and there worship at the rising of the sun *feel that they have acquired great merit.* On another mountain called

Nantaizan, rising 8,000 feet towards the sky, where the pilgrims come, there are many old men and children who cannot reach the top to worship the rising sun, so in pity for their weakness a mirror is placed at the top which catches the first rays from the east and reflects them down the pilgrims' path ; then all the old and young catch the glory and bow down in adoration.

Poor people ! worshipping the brightest things they can see, and when their strength is unequal for that receiving the message of brightness from a mirror. How thankful we must be that when God was so bright and far off in heaven, to which we could not climb, He took pity on our weakness, and sent His Son to show us His glory in a way that we could bear to look at and could understand !

The old religion of the Japanese is called *Shinto*, and they worship their dead ancestors as well as the mountains and powers of nature. If you go to one of their temples you will pass under an arch, which was originally set there as a perch for the birds of the temple ; within you will see nothing but a few twisted straw ropes or sheets of white paper hanging, while in the centre of all is a single circular mirror which represents the sun. In this temple men worship, but they have no special rules like our Ten Commandments, because they say that if a man looks into his own heart and follows what his heart says, he will naturally do what is right. His main duty is to follow his own heart and obey the Emperor.

But beside these we shall find many Buddhist temples, where there are many idols. These temples are, many of them, very large and very old. Often there will be a regular bazaar of shops and stalls all filling up the approach. In the great courtyard there are great trees, perhaps a thousand years old ; then the huge chapel is before us with magnificent curving roof on mighty pillars. There are big collection boxes with bars across the top ; just think of a collection box ten feet long, three feet broad, and four feet high ! The people enter and bow before the idol.



shrine, Goddess of Mercy or Buddha, and reverently put up their prayers. In some temples the father who comes to pray for his child writes his name or his prayers on a scrap of paper, chews it up, and spits it at the image. If the little pellet sticks on the image or on the wire netting placed to protect it, he thinks his prayer is likely to be heard; if not, he fears that it will fail! In one temple all the walls are covered with pieces of wood intended to represent ear-drills, from people who think they have been cured of deafness by Buddha, and mirrors from women who have been healed of other diseases. One great image is rubbed all shiny because some folk come to rub his nose and then their own to cure nose disease, some to touch ankle or arm or head, and then their own to cure ailments in each part.

And in one great temple which isn't yet finished building, it was found, some twenty years ago, that no ropes were strong enough to raise the huge pillars on which the roof was to be supported; there was great trouble among the faithful, until thousands of men and women cut off their hair and had it made into huge cables, stronger than bamboo or hemp; with this human hair the building went on, and now the heavy roof stands secure on the pillars, while below lie the dusty cables hundreds of feet long, the memorials of a people's love.

In one place there is a real *circulating* library, that is, a bookcase that can move round on a central pivot like what some of you have seen in your fathers' libraries. In this bookcase are all the Buddhist scriptures, thousands of volumes; and if you manage by the exertion of great strength to push the library round, that counts as if you had read the whole through once. Isn't that a convenient way of getting through dry books or hard lessons?

Now, young folks, don't you think that people who will cut off their hair to please their gods, and will fill those huge collecting boxes, would make very good Christians if they only knew about the Lord Jesus Christ? And many of them do so. It is true that they are a good deal like big children.

and soon get tired of new things that they thought they wanted ever so much; but many of them have really learnt to love the Lord Jesus whom you and I love, and they try to do as He would have them do.

There was an old woman who had had a drunken son from whom she suffered much, and who kept the home terribly poor. By-and-by came a missionary, and a meeting was held to establish a girls' school in the place where she lived. She was delighted, and could scarcely sleep for joy that the girls around were to be trained and taught for the Saviour that she loved. Then the thought came to her that she ought to do something to help on this good work; but she was poor, what could she do? At last she remembered three tiny gold coins worth about a shilling, which her dying husband had given to her as a last keepsake; she felt she could not do better than hallow her love for him by consecrating the coins to this good end, so she took them to the missionary as her subscription for the school. Do you remember what Jesus said about the widow who put two mites into the collection? I think He thought just the same about that poor old Japanese woman.

There was a medical student who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and was baptized. When he had become a Christian he saw a poor little beggar boy in the street; his heart was moved with compassion over him, and he felt he must take him to his home for the sake of the Lord who loved the little children.

Other boys came, and although he had very little money he took them in, praying that God would help him to find them food. He had read in his Bible that God would answer prayer, and had heard about George Müller of Bristol, so he calmly went on; and as his family grew larger he trusted that God would give him more means: nor was he disappointed. His boys now number some scores, and are learning trades by which they can help their adopted father and can make useful men. When a Christian missionary society was being formed, one of these boys sent up *half a yen* (eighteenpence), all he had in the world, to help the good



THE EARTHQUAKE.

work. And when in the autumn of 1891 a terrible earthquake killed seven thousand people, wounded twenty thousand, and wrecked tens of thousands of houses, these orphan children first went without a meal in order to give something to the poor starving people, and then helped for months to take them and support them in their own home.

So you see the Japanese, when they love the Lord Jesus Christ, love Him very much and try to live for Him. They have called their country the Land of the Rising Sun; we Christians may gladly use that name too, because the great Sun of righteousness is rising there with healing in His wings.







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